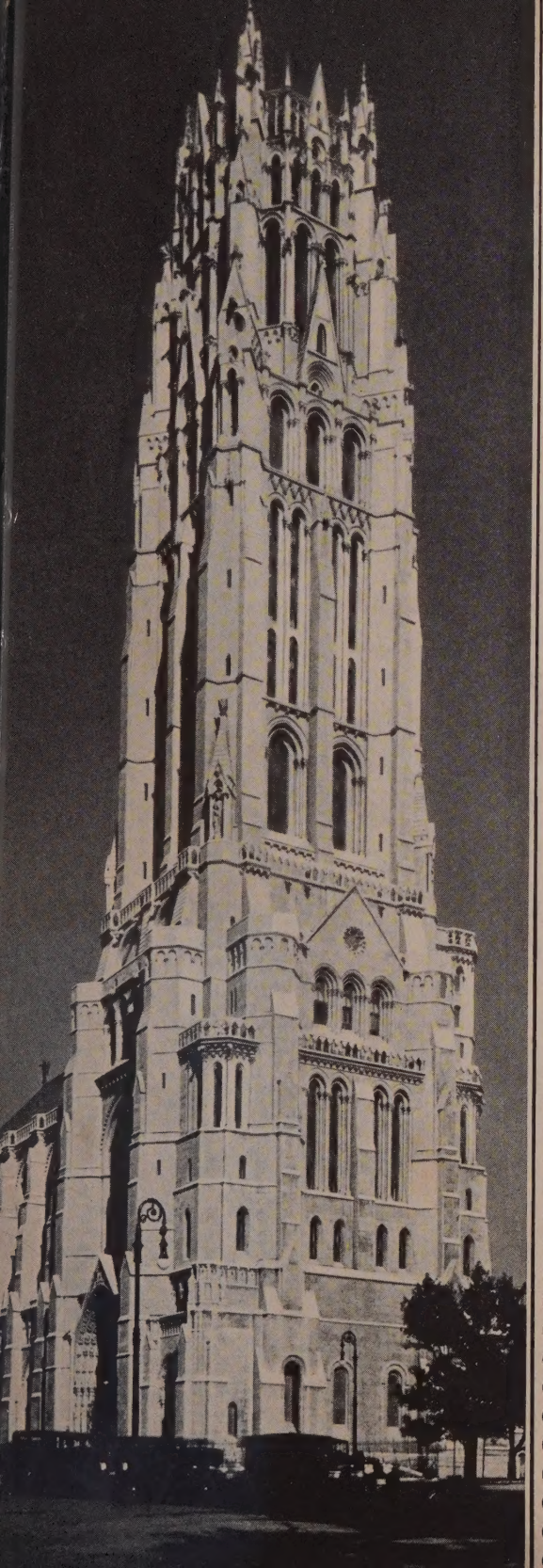

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JULY, 1935

The Ideas That Use Us

What the Sandwich Ladies Said

Our Membership

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The Ideas That Use Us

By Harry Emerson Fosdick

One of the most extraordinary eras in human life was the first century of the Christian movement. Our calendars still are dated from its beginning and, any way one looks at it, it was an amazing turning point in mankind's journey. To one, however, who knows that era well and without romantic illusions looks on what happened there, nothing is more surprising than the ordinary character of most of the men who helped lead mankind around that corner. The records of the New Testament are realistically frank about the first followers of Jesus, their crudity, their slowness of comprehension, their downright self-seeking even, and yet these were the men who helped inaugurate one of the great new eras of human life.

Behind this fact there is a major principle. Victor Hugo was right in his belief that nothing is so powerful in this world as an idea whose time has come. Repeatedly in history that truth has been vindicated. As though its hour had struck, a new idea emerged whose time had come. The special men and women who happened to represent that idea were often not remarkable in themselves, not by any means the most brilliant and able of their time. Only this distinction was theirs: they were the implements and instrumentalities of an idea whose time had come.

As a picturesque illustration of this, consider Peter and John after the death of Jesus, haled into court in Jerusalem and threatened with condign punishment if they did not cease preaching the new gospel. Nobody who realistically visualizes Peter and John can have any illusions about them. They had been fishermen; they were Galileans, of the common people, and to the educated and aristocratic gentlemen of the court they seemed, as it is written, to be "unlearned and ignorant men." As one imagines the scene, with the best minds and names of Judea on one side and on the other the unprepossessing prisoners, the one incredible absurdity would seem to be that the future should belong to Peter and John. But it did. They were the representatives of an idea whose time had come. That idea possessed and used them. "We cannot but speak," they said, "the things which we saw and heard." The tremendous power which was going to lift centuries off their hinges was not primarily in them, but lay deeper. They were being used by an idea whose hour had struck.

As we pursue the significance of this truth into our situation today, consider that evidently a man does not have to be in himself very great to be used by a great idea. By no stretch of imagination can Simon Peter, for example, be considered an extraordinary man. Saint Peter, indeed! One feels, as one reads the record, that he was a long way from a saint. Reluctant at the first to follow Jesus, stupidly unable to understand some of the Master's simplest ideas, so much on the wrong side of the major issue in Jesus' life, sacrificial saviorhood, that Jesus had to say to him, "Get thee behind me, Satan," and, when danger threatened, wilting before a serving

maid in Pilate's court and denying he had ever known the Lord—he was a very ordinary man. Had we been able to apply to him our psychological tests to reveal his intelligence quotient and suchlike, I suspect that he would still have turned out to be an ordinary man. And yet he was and is Saint Peter. He did belong to that little group of men who led mankind around one of the most crucial corners in history. If he himself were to explain how this almost incredible thing happened to him, I can imagine his saying something like this: It was not due to what I was in myself; the world of my time was full of men more able, more brilliant, more capacious, of better character than I; how I came to be Saint Peter can be put into a single phrase: an ordinary man used by an idea whose time had come.

That is the explanation of the most shining names in history. Here, indeed, is both the truth and the falsity of the new school of biographers who recently have been stripping the glamour from our long-loved heroes and heroines. A great character in history, long idealized, now stands before us with his court clothes taken from him, left in dishabille. He does not seem to us an extraordinary person and we are irritated by our disillusionment. Yet consider. We have been celebrating Columbus' Day. One naturally thinks Columbus must have been an extraordinary man. Now he is portrayed to us as not remarkable at all. His generation had many mariners brave and daring like himself. Even our intelligence tests probably would not have explained his eminence. Let the new biographers have it so far their own way; that much is true. But let us not forget another thing: an idea, that had knocked at many a mariner's mind in vain, knocked at Columbus' mind and was let in. That is glory enough for one lifetime on this earth. A great idea whose time had come used him.

I defy the cynicism of these new biographers. They cannot take my heroes from me. They picture Florence Nightingale with all the faults of an uncertain temperament. They show her under strain, losing her self-control. They quote her when she was impatient, tempestuous, and petulant. They leave her just like ourselves. I know the answer. Of course she was like ourselves. If every time God wanted to do great business he had to perform a miracle and make perfect persons, the world would be hopeless. We ought to know that Florence Nightingale, carrying the load she carried, facing the administrative stupidity she had to deal with, had moods and tempers, petulances and tricks of character that would not appear ideal in biographical portraiture. But let them not forget that other matter: being what she was, a great idea that has made this earth ever since a more decent and humane place for sick people used her. That is glory enough for one lifetime.

When we take this principle out of other people's biography into our own, it brings a challenge to all of us. One does not have to be in himself very great to be used by a great idea. Even some of us who do not think much of ourselves might have this high distinction that the supreme ideas of our time used us.

Let us go deeper into this truth and consider that if up to date in this sermon some one has been resistant, not wishing to assume the responsibility of such a life as our thought suggests, not so easily can he evade it. Willy-nilly we *are* used by ideas. That is not

an ideal simply; that is an unescapable fact.

Take selfishness, for example. When one sees a person conducting his life selfishly, how one would like to talk to him in some such way as this:

> That principle on which you are living is an old one; as far back in history as one can go one finds homes ruined, friendships broken, wars waged, and every evil thing that has made man's record hideous and cruel sustained by that idea. Now it is using you. In every generation ideas have to find people they can use or they could not go on. So your selfishness is not an individual matter as you think. It is cosmic. Generation after generation, men come and go. They pass. But ideas do not; they abide. On each new life when it arrives they knock and say, Let me use you in your time. The ultimate meaning of our lives, therefore, lies in the ideas that we allow to use us.

Well, there are some ideas I should hate to have use me now. Drunkenness, for example. The supposition that one can solve real problems or escape from real perplexities by the swift and facile road of intoxication—that is an old idea, ancient as the legends of Noah, and its trail across history, as it has found in multitudes of people a vehicle and implement, is one of the saddest portions of the human record. I should hate to have that idea use me.

Or, turning to the social realm, race prejudice—that is an old idea too, ancient as the story of the Tower of Babel and still, I think, it has in it more concentrate evil, more poison to cause human agony than almost any other cruelty of man. I should hate to have that idea use me.

Or coming to the intellectual realm, cynicism, the loss of faith that life has meaning, the conviction, as Theodore Dreiser, the novelist, puts it, that man is only an accidental mechanism, undevised and uncreated, living a life that gets us nowhere spiritually and has no importance after all—that is an old idea that has sucked the sap from life for centuries. I should hate to have it use me.

You see, this way of picturing the matter is quite different from our ordinary method of imagining it. We commonly think that a man gets his ideas, that they are his private property, his interior possession. No, ideas get us. They are historic, not we. They last on from age to age. They need representatives and witnesses. They use us. No man ever can understand what sin means until he sees this. Some old idea that for ages has thrown its influence like vitriol across mankind finds in us an instrument. We give it gangway in our time. We prolong its life by our embodiment. We betray humanity from within by giving one of its ancient enemies the use of us. That is the fact and the shame of sin. So, you see, there is no use trying to escape this truth. We *are* being used by ideas. All we can do is to choose which ones shall use us.

Going deeper into this matter, let us consider what happens to a man when he takes this philosophy of life earnestly, makes constructive employment of it, and knows at last that, being what he is, he is being used in his day by some ideas to which the future belongs. Have you never seen a young man or woman made all over by that? One of our seers has said that the greatest hour in a man's life is when he turns the corner of a street and runs into a new idea. That is certainly the greatest

hour in many a youth's life especially if, as the youth faces that truth or cause, there rises in him the invincible conviction that he belongs to it.

Dean Wicks of Princeton, watching boys grow up in college, says that the sign that a boy has passed out of his childish stage and has become a man lies in the discovery of some important enterprise or undertaking concerning which he says, I belong to that. How commonly we miss the glory which lies within our reach! We think that life consists in many things concerning which we say, These belong to me. We gather instruments that we can use and say, All this belongs to me. And then, some day, like Paul or Peter, Columbus or Florence Nightingale, or like some humbler folk whom history has forgotten but God has not, we come to our crucial turning point, the revolutionary upset and conversion of our lives, and find our fate in something concerning which we say, not, That belongs to me, but, I belong to that.

So much the deepest experience in life is this that if it could come to some one here it might mean the swinging of the door of a new era for multitudes; it certainly would mean the swinging of the door of a new era for that life. For while it is true, as we have said, that one does not need in himself to be very great to be used by a great idea, it is also true that no man can be used by a great idea without becoming greater himself.

Consider one item in our common human problem which this experience crucially affects. I mean dealing with our inward self-contempt. Even in a congregation as large as this I suspect that it would be impossible to find a single individual who in his own solitariness does not have to deal with self-contempt. The older a minister grows and the deeper he plumbs human lives, the surer he is that, because of our inside information about ourselves and the outward mortifying situations we meet, almost every person has to face the lurking devil of self-contempt. That is one reason why we welcome praise so eagerly; the approval of our friends helps to lift us above our low self-estimate. That is why we are so pleased by position, office, and prestige; they re-establish our uncertain self-confidence.

A boy in one of our church families came home the other day from the school where he is getting started and made this announcement: "I am the assistant to the assistant manager of the third football team." There is not a man here with any lively memories of his boyhood whose heart does not go out to that boy. So, sometimes wholesomely, by welcoming the trust of our friends, and sometimes less wholesomely, we try to handle our self-contempt. But there is, I think, only one deepest way of dealing with it, one supreme experience where utter humility and utter self-respect are blended, and that is when a man, being what he is, no larger than God made him, comes to recognize that he is being used by ideas on which man's welfare depends and to which the future belongs.

Felix Adler expressed it in the very phraseology we are employing today. Looking back over his life work, he said this: "I am grateful for the Idea that has used me." So!

We modern preachers do not talk so much as our forefathers did about getting ready to die, and doubtless by that we have escaped morbidity. Nevertheless, death remains a fact and the days do come when a man looks back on

the life he is leaving, and, since this is so realistic a fact that no honest man ought to wish to evade it in his thinking, he well may say to himself that, when the signs of evening gather in his western sky, it would be a triumph, looking back, to be able to say, I am grateful for the idea that has used me.

There lies the victory of some souls who were defeated in this world. Mozart died in poverty and was buried in a pauper's grave. But when I heard Kreisler play from Mozart the other day, I felt the victory that has been his in the face of this world which so mistreated him. If he could come back again, he would be grateful for the idea that had used him. They made Socrates drink the hemlock, and outside the gates of Jerusalem they nailed to a cross the Son of man. Yes, but the triumph refused to stay in the hands of those who afterward went comfortably home to dinner. How elusive triumph is! How it slips through the fingers of the men who grasp it and flies to the defeated! For in the end there is no victory in life without being used by an idea whose time has come.

My friends, that truth belongs to the humblest soul here. Just as water is represented not only by a great lake or a sea but by a brook, so supreme ideas use humble souls. The potential value of our lives, so often limited, circumscribed, and apparently unimportant, is that great ideas can use us.

Finally, let us pursue this idea into its special meaning in this distracted and often disheartened generation. At one stage in his career William Wilberforce was so disheartened about the British Empire and the world at large that he hesitated to marry and so give hostages to fortune in so dreadful a world. He was as low in his mind as that. And when one stops to think of it, he was not unjustified in being disheartened about the social evil in general and the slave trade in particular. Was not the slave trade a cruel and towering fact? Had it not existed through all history so that the memory of man went not back to the time when it had not cursed the race? Did not the world's wisest statesmen say that they foresaw slavery's indefinite continuance? Even Edmund Burke said that. Well, then, with the existent facts and the inveterate history and the cynicism of the worldly-wise on the side of slavery's continuance, what was there to give a man hope? Nothing much. Only an idea that spread like fire from mind to mind that slavery was wrong, that it never could be harmonized with the principles of Christ, that it was, as well, economically self-defeating, that it was as degrading to the masters and as impoverishing to the wage-earners as it was brutal to the slaves—an idea that kept using more and more people with Wilberforce preëminent among them, until before he died he was assured of the abolition of the British slave trade. Once more in history the statement was vindicated: there is nothing so powerful in this world,—not existent facts, nor inveterate history, nor the selfishness of ruling classes, nor the reluctance of apathetic governments—nothing so powerful as an idea whose time has come.

O my soul, gird yourself with that truth now! No one will doubt the perilous posture of the world's affairs. When one asks what there is to give us social hope, the answer—Ideas in the air—seems to many vague and tenuous. Yes, but they are ideas that spread from mind to mind: that war is wrong

and the world's supreme stupidity; that mankind is one family, woven more inextricably together by each new scientific invention, and that it is insane to try to evade the spiritual and governmental implications of that fact; that just as democracy could not exist if a multitude of the people were illiterate, so democracy cannot exist if a multitude of the people are economically insecure, hence society must take responsibility for economic security as it does for education and the old economic "catch-as-catch-can" must go; that on this continent, lured by the most amazing opportunities for material success which any people ever faced, we have been deceived by the outward shows of prosperity and must learn again that unless, within, a people's faith and character and mutual goodwill are sound, there can be nothing sound at all.

Well, this audience does not need from me a long rehearsal of true ideas in the air. What we all do need is a fresh vision of the overcoming power which is in those ideas if we will have it so. In every generation the future always has belonged to ideas in the air. They crucified Jesus but one thing they could not do—injure his idea. Not a nail they drove pierced it, not a stone they rolled before his tomb imprisoned it. Here is the realistic basis of social hope that, when once a great idea is started, no one can stop it. If you crucify it you glorify it. If you bury it, you give it an Easter day. If you postpone its victory, you only make the more overwhelming its victory when it comes.

My chief concern, therefore, is not for the ultimate victory of good. My chief concern is lest in my generation I should somehow miss being used by the great ideas. For at this sermon's end, as at its beginning, I am haunted by that court scene in Jerusalem. How typical it is of history! All the educated, well-born, worldly-wise, prosperous men there were on the wrong side of the supreme issue of their time, and on the right side were two humble men of lowly station whom in retrospect we honor now because they helped lead mankind around one of the most significant corners in its history, and who, somewhere today, I trust, are grateful for the idea that used them.

PRAYER

Eternal God, our Father, we, whose minds are so absorbed with the things beneath us which we use, lift us up to see the eternal significance and value of our lives in the ideas above us which may use us. Amen.

Dr. Fosdick preached the foregoing sermon on October 14, 1934.

▽ ▽ ▽

Prayer

By Harry Emerson Fosdick

Eternal Spirit, before all, above all, and deep within us all, we worship Thee. Let all that is within us praise Thy name. Often in Thy sanctuary we have reverenced Thee and in quiet hours of meditation have sought Thy face, but we confess that not all within us has worshiped Thee. Commonly we come to Thee with our weakness only. We bring our sins to be forgiven, our feebleness to be made strength, our discouragements to be overcome, our doubts to be surmounted. We come before the face of the Most High with our weakness only in our hands. We confess it, O God. Today we would bring to Thee our strength also. Lay Thy strong hand, we beseech Thee, upon all that is powerful and beautiful within us. Rouse our spiritual faculties until they march in our souls like an army with banners.

We bring to Thee our strong capacity to care. See how commonly we use it upon unworthy things. Lift it up; empower it; enlarge its use that we may more deeply care for our friends and families, our city, our nation, and the world.

We bring to Thee our capacity for happiness. Thanks be to Thee for the deep power of joy that can make life radiant and strong, contagious and inspiring. Lift it up in us, we beseech Thee. If it has died and been buried in some tomb, roll Thou the stone away and give us a resurrection morning of happiness that we may be strong again.

We bring to Thee our power of faith. Thanks be to Thee for the creative might of belief! See how we use it cheaply and on unworthy things that ought not to be believed in. Lift up our faith; strengthen it, enrich it, and attach it to things infinitely valuable to the world. So we beseech Thee that as in our inward sanctuaries we lift our prayers to Thee, Thou wilt take hold upon our strength.

In every secret place in this company let sincere prayer rise. Thou seest how often familiar petitions are on our lips that mean nothing unto us or unto Thee. Thou hast heard us pray, O God, give me purity but not yet, make me a devout disciple of the Christ but not yet, dedicate my life to noble issues but not yet. We fear to pray with too much ardor for things too great lest the answers to them cause us sacrifice. Save us from this cowardice and timidity. May we grow rich today because we dare lay hold upon our high heritage in Christ and pray for great things for ourselves and for our fellows.

We commit to Thee the large interests of our humanity, beseeching Thee that from those dangers of the public life which wreck it—greed and war, injustice and hardness of heart, gruelling poverty and unwise prosperity —we may be delivered so that on this earth, so rich in possibilities of brotherhood, we may not fail in our day to see more light break upon our human life.

(*Continued on page 183*)

The Carillon of Gloucester

By Kamiel Lefévere

O, far away, green waves, your voices call;
Your cool lips kiss the wild and weedy shore;
And out upon the sea line sails are brown.
Mary C. Gillington.

The old and picturesque little fishing-town of Gloucester, Massachusetts, with its winding and hilly streets dead-ending on the waterfront, surprises one with its many-colored and weather-beaten sailboats idling in the old harbor, the air pregnant with salt and tar, with the slow, quiet movement of the fishermen on their daily jobs, and the Church and Singing Tower nestled on top of the hill amid white-coated and snugly grouped houses like one great family. The Singing Tower looks over the rooftops and the gray old wharves far out to sea with a song and a prayer as if to protect its people in their centuries-old struggle with wind and wave and tide.

Gloucester, whose origin dates back to 1621, with the arrival of the first settlers, and with a population of Portuguese descent, for the most part fishing folk from the Azores, is one of the few places that has preserved its typical beauty and artistic originality, in strong contrast to the modernized tendency of other places. Numerous poets, like Rudyard Kipling, Oliver Wendell Holmes, William Vaughn Moody, and Thomas Bailey Aldrich, have made it immortal in color and line, and the carillon has furnished a perfect musical setting to this earthly creation of natural beauty with its gay medley of deep tones and pastel shades, its melodies jubilant and lamenting, its mighty prayers and powerful marches, and its cradle songs full of love and tenderness.

The Church of Our Lady of Good Voyage, with its twin towers, is built in the picturesque style of the Azores and was dedicated on May 23, 1915, after a fire which destroyed the former building. On the front of the church, high up between its two towers, rises a statue in solid oak, hand carved, of Our Lady of Good Voyage, in whose arms is borne aloft a replica of a fishing vessel, symbolic of the vocation of its sturdy people, the Portuguese fishermen.

A carillon of 23 bells was installed and dedicated on July 23, 1922, in this church, as the first carillon of the Western World. The number of bells was increased in 1924 and brought to 31. The beauty and charm of bell music made such a great impression on Col. A. Piatt Andrew during his experiences in Belgium in 1914-1918 that he became the great enthusiast and generous contributor in a campaign to obtain such an instrument for his beloved Gloucester. The contributions of summer residents, the fund raised by the people of Gloucester, plus his own generous contributions, made the installation possible. This installation, starting with a Bourdon bell weighing 2,926 pounds, comes from the bell-foundry of John Taylor and Co. of Loughborough, England. Many of the larger bells bear inscriptions in memory

of Gloucester fishermen and others who gave their lives for their country during the World War.

Thousands of people have come from far and near to enjoy these carillon recitals, to hear their message of peace and good will, and feel their own emotions expressed by the deep and tender tones of the bells, as an expression of the people themselves in their noble simplicity.

White sea birds, crying, hover—soft shades fall—
Deep waters dimple 'round the dripping oar,
And last rays light the little fishing town.

Photo by Russell Veator

CHURCH OF OUR LADY OF GOOD VOYAGE, GLOUCESTER, MASS.

Our Membership

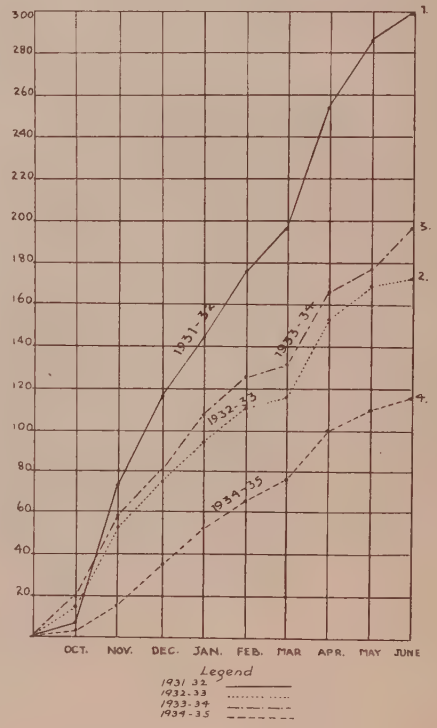
THE following notice appears in our church calendar from time to time: "Members are received into the church by letter from other churches, by experience, or on confession of faith. Attendants upon our services who may desire to identify themselves with the work of the church and bear the part of members in its worship and service are asked to communicate with the ministers concerning the matter and arrange for personal interviews. Application for membership and letters of transfer must be in the hands of the ministers *before* the last Sunday of the month to be eligible for consideration at the next church meeting."

The total number of persons received during the four-year period between October, 1931, and June, 1935, is 1058. (We have lost by transfer to other churches, by dropping, or by death, 299 persons.) Of those received, 174 have been on confession of their faith, 204 by experience (or reaffirmation of their faith), 673 by letter, and 7 restored after a lapse of membership in this church.

We also maintain an affiliated membership for persons who are temporarily resident in the city and desire a church home during their stay here. We have received 292 in this way for a longer or shorter space of time, now having 154 thus sharing our fellowship.

The accompanying diagram shows the gain in membership year by year since October, 1931. It almost tells its own story. The first year in this period brought a large number into our fellowship. We were glad to see them come to us in such numbers even though we were at a loss to keep up the pastoral privileges which we desired to exercise and to feel that we were personally acquainted with each new member. It had to be left largely to the individual to find his niche in our activities. For the most part, however, the majority found their places and have helped us build up a "home" church here on the hill. The assimilation has been slow but sure, as proven by the loyalty demonstrated during the absence of Dr. Fosdick.

NET GAIN IN MEMBERSHIP



The last three years have not shown quite the same rapid growth but that "straight line curve" means many satisfying things to us.

In looking at the gains as a whole these past four years, certain conclusions emerge and we can make some generalizations. It is particularly gratifying to us that our membership is being built up for the most part by accessions from out-of-town churches and not to any great extent through depletion of other churches in New York. One factor which increased the number coming from churches within the city is that a neighboring Baptist church dissolved its organization and many of these members came to The Riverside Church. One of the most encouraging results of our "open" membership is that families are getting together in one church. Over and over again there have been husbands bringing their church letters from one church or denomination and the wives from another, coming together here in a common religious experience. Or, one or the other of them has let a former church connection lapse for many years and so comes here under the caption of "Experience," while the other joins by letter.

Last year, in our brief story about our membership, we told where friends had gone who had taken their letters from the church. This year we are reviewing the list of places from which our new members have come, and from what denominations.

Taking up now only one phase of our reception of members, that of transfer by letter, the first list below, covering the period from October, 1931, to June, 1935, shows the source of letters geographically and the second denominationally.

From churches within the city	141
New York State outside of New York City	102
New Jersey	53
Massachusetts	42
Ohio	27
North Carolina	25
Illinois	23
Pennsylvania	20
Connecticut	19
California	13

and, in lesser numbers, listed in order from each — Florida, Kansas, Virginia, Colorado, Maryland, Maine, Nebraska, Vermont, Indiana, Michigan, Rhode Island, Texas, Wisconsin, Alabama, Minnesota, Missouri, South Carolina, Tennessee, Georgia, Iowa, New Hampshire, South Dakota, Washington, North Dakota, West Virginia, and one each from Delaware, Mississippi, Montana, New Mexico, Oklahoma, and Utah—only eight states not represented: Oregon, Nevada, Kentucky, Idaho, Wyoming, Arizona, Arkansas and Louisiana.

These friends have come from the following denominations:

Baptist	196
Presbyterian	171
Methodist Episcopal	106
Congregational	92
Disciples and Christian	20
Reformed	18
Community	10
Lutheran	9
Protestant Episcopal	7
United Church of Canada	5

and less than 5 each—Methodist Episcopal South, Evangelical, United Presbyterian, Methodist Protestant, Universalist, Unitarian, Friends, Mennonite, United Brethren, Independent, Federated, Union, and Filipino.

Our present membership stands at 2,467, a net gain of 123 over last year though the total number of new members was 197, indicating that we had

losses through transfer by letter, dropping, and by death.

Since the report given in THE CHURCH MONTHLY last August, we have lost the following members by death:

Miss Ruth C. Garbotin
Miss Joan Davenport
Percy Rockefeller
Rev. Allyn K. Foster
Dr. Wendell C. Phillips
Louis Croly
Mrs. A. R. MacMichael
Dr. Walter B. Brouner
Frederick O. Paige
Mrs. W. M. Butler
Mrs. Elise P. Carey
Charles H. Hibbs
Theodore H. Pointer
Charles H. Bogert
Mrs. Horace W. Fish
Mrs. Rufus P. Johnston
Miss Emily Hoopes
Miss Jane Bellows
Harry Hubbard

In connection with this study it is interesting to discover that ten of our people have been members of this church for more than fifty years. The honor place on our roll goes to Mrs. Frank L. Froment, who came into the church by baptism on February 16, 1868, and thus has had a continuous membership with us of 67 years. Mrs. Froment is interested and active in our program and carries a particularly important responsibility as President of the Baptist Home for the Aged. In this capacity she is looked to by the Board of the Home and by all of the people who are identified with that work for counsel and advice and for the wise leadership which has marked her entire career. The other friends on this honor list are Mrs. Theodosia Lawson, Miss Ida Judson, Curtis Townsend, Mrs. Eva Dundon, Miss Annie Hickenbottom, Mrs. Elizabeth Stahlnecker, George Townsend, Mrs. F. M. Burr, and Mrs. S. A. McGuire.

The Latchstring

A distinguished Negro artist recently gave a concert in Carnegie Hall. Because we were in part responsible for bringing him to New York on that particular occasion we undertook to find accommodations for him in a hotel in the city. It is a long story and one which we are not disposed to relate in great detail. Suffice it to say that by telephone and personal visits to the Manager in one instance or another we approached more than forty of the leading hotels in New York City. We told frankly who the gentleman was whom we wanted to have accommodated. We were met with ready and frank recognition of the fact that he was a distinguished artist and a reputable citizen. We also met with apparently unanimous disposition to "take the matter under advisement," to ask us to call up later, to remind us that there was an unusually large delegation of business men to be in the city during that particular week and that rooms would be at a premium if not entirely unavailable, etc., etc., etc. We are of the opinion that such a situation stems directly back into the attitude of that portion of the public which patronizes the hotels in the cities in America. It is inconceivable that the hotels should be almost unanimously against opening their facilities to a reputable colored man just on the basis of his race. We are disposed to believe that it is

another case of an unorganized but vocal minority who by their disposition to criticize and to threaten with publicity and boycott are able to close practically all of the hotel facilities of the country to a whole race.

Whatever may be the moral behind the relation of this incident it left us with a feeling of impotency in the face of an enormous injustice and it kindled in us a resentment toward the situation which had been more or less dormant before but will be very much alive in the future.

▽

Our friend, Rev. Lemuel Call Barnes, D.D., who, with his wife, is a member of this church, has formulated a philosophy of life which we want to pass on to our readers. As indicated by the dates given, the basis of it was expressed in his young manhood and has progressed to the present. An introductory note by Dr. Barnes is also included, as follows:

Note: Speculative philosophers might damn this view of life as being mere "Pragmatism." It is, indeed, a matter-of-fact way of approaching the highest realities, but it arrives, is vital, and not an "ism." If a name needed to be coined for it, the name should be more commonplace, volitional in implicational, aggressive, and plainly in the realm of conscience. This is CO-OPERATIONISM; co-operation with the universe and its inhabitants, especially *The Inhabitant.*

Yours for good,

L. C. BARNES.

"This life of ours, what is it all about, anyway?"

HAPPY NEW YEARS

ONE AFTER ANOTHER ON

THE WAY

SURE STEPPING-STONES

Personally felt out and definitely rested on when a flood of questions had swept every inherited opinion to sea. (Theological Seminary, 1875-78.)

1. Unquestionably there are better and worse ways of living.
2. Unquestionably the most worth-while aim is to help people from the worse to the better.
3. Unquestionably in the history of the human race the most effectual help from the worse to the better is the story of Jesus Christ and of him a crucified and regnant Christ.
4. Unquestionably the historic foundations of the story of Christ are the Hebrew-Christian Scriptures, making them of priceless value.
5. Unquestionably co-operation with others is indispensable to making the story of Christ widely effectual in bettering the life of humanity, and the churches are its natural organism.
6. Unquestionably here I am. Let me spend every power as an instrument of the betterment process without wasting energy quibbling with my fellow-workers. No advances of knowledge about the universe or any part of it can possibly undermine these facts.

SOLID ROADBED

After forty-five years of exceedingly defective yet most exhilarating trial the foregoing was condensed in the following terms. (New York City, 1923.)

I. *The personal essence of infinite reality is adequately revealed in Jesus Christ our human brother and divine savior.*

II. *The chief business of all followers of Christ, individually and collectively, is to make the spirit of Christ supreme in every human life and in all the relationships of life.*

TESTED 1930

Seventy-seven years without accident, breathing day and night by energy outside one's own will, never missing a heart-beat, then seventy days in a plaster cast, enveloped by skilful kindness, the conviction becomes unmistakable that the Universe is friendly, GOD IS LOVE, as well as Thought and Energy, energy so law-abiding as to be absolutely trustworthy.

P.S.—1935.

The foregoing still holds good, in fact better and better in these transition days as to thoughts and missions. The Way grows clearer and brighter every year and day, largely due to the inspiring comradeship of Mary Clark Barnes.

Since our employment service was established in 1931, total earnings through its placements, up to January 1, 1935, equal $472,626.35.

It was very encouraging to learn in checking placements that 20 individuals placed on jobs in 1931 were still giving satisfactory service in 1935. Thirty-two individuals placed in 1932 and 55 individuals placed in 1933 were still on the job, January, 1935.

While an actual check of earnings of our applicants for the first five months of 1935 has not been made, a very conservative estimate for this period would be $75,000.

The following table shows the occupations in which placements were made during the first five months of this year:

Building Maintenance	23
Clerical and Sales	41
Clothing	38
Domestic and Personal Service	445
Manufacturing and Mechanical Industries	115
Other	30
Total	692

Placements for men totaled 303, for women 389. About twenty-five per cent of the placements were of Negroes.

During these five months 660 new applicants were registered of whom 343 were men, 317 were women. A study of the new applicants during April and May indicates that about 17 per cent were Negro. Sixty-six per cent of the applicants in these two months were born in the United States. About 55 per cent of this group had had some high school education, 15 per cent had had some college. The following table shows the occupational classification under which the 233 new applicants of April and May were registered:

Building Maintenance	24
Construction	12
Skilled Mfg. and Mechanical	19
Transportation	9
Unskilled Labor and Factory	19
Garment Worker	13
Domestic and Personal Service	69
Clerical and Sales	48
Professional	20
Total	233

The Riverside Church from time to time adds to its collection of national flags which are hung on a number of suitable occasions during the year in the Assembly Hall or on the Ninth Floor. Often the occasions are under the auspices of the Foreign Student Committee though once a year the Business and Professional Women's Club holds an "International Night" and the Women's Bible Class annually gives a party to a group of foreign-born women from mission churches. Until this summer, however, there was no Hungarian flag. It was therefore our pleasure on June 3rd to receive one at the hands of Mr. George deGhika, Hungarian Consul General in New York, giving it in the name of the World Federation of Hungarians. A luncheon was held at the church which was attended by the Consul and members of our Foreign Student Committee. Following this the presentation was made in the chancel. Dr. Carder accepted the flag on behalf of the church.

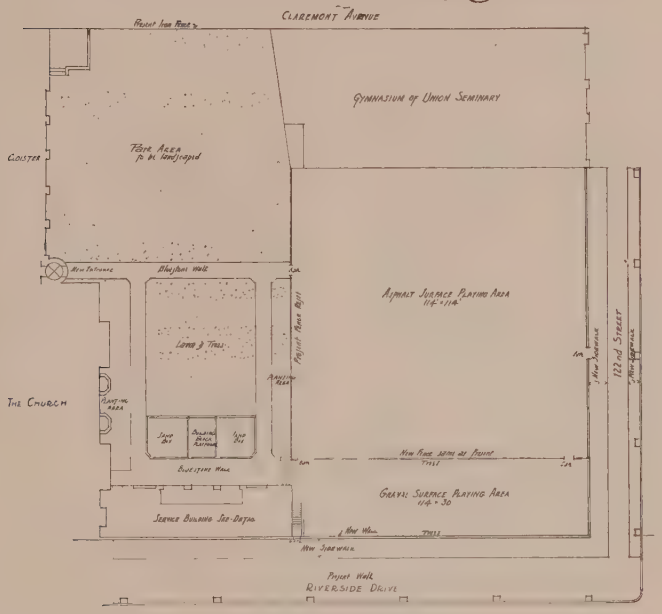
In making the presentation, the Consul said:

"In presenting this Hungarian flag to The Riverside Church on behalf of the World Federation of Hungarians and thus on behalf of all Hungarians in the old country and all over the world,

"I beg you to receive this our Na-

(*Continued on page 183*)

Plan of New Playground



SKETCH FOR PLAYGROUND
RIVERSIDE CHURCH
SCALE 1/16" = 1'-0"

The accompanying illustration is the architect's sketch of the playground which is being built to the south of the church. As the plan has developed, we now foresee three distinct uses for this area. First, it will be a splendid addition to the physical equipment of the Church Nursery School. Not only will it give the children of the school better outdoor play space than they have had on the Cloister Roof, but the Service Building is being equipped to take care of an additional group of children so that we will be able to accommodate three classes instead of two. The entire school will often be outdoors at the same time. This was physically impossible in other years.

A second use of the playground will be for boys and girls up to the age of sixteen. At noontime each day the Nursery School equipment will be removed and the playground set up for older children from the neighborhood. There will be a fenced-in area where there will be a jungle-gym, slides, swings, etc. In the larger play area, there will be opportunity for basketball, soft baseball, paddle tennis, volley ball, etc. In cold weather this area may be flooded for ice skating.

On Sunday there will be a third use of the playground. The service building will be used by two Church School classes while the play area will be used in general by other classes for outdoor activity during the regular session of the Church School. All in all, it rather looks as though no part of our facilities would have any more extensive use than the new playground.

What the Sandwich Ladies Said

By Grace H. Patton

Usually, when ladies have something to say, the thing they are saying is quite audible, especially if all the ladies are saying something at the same time. But there was a time, rather recently, when a group of ladies—nineteen, in fact, representing a total of 189—said some very important and impressive things and there was not a sound heard.

The ladies marched in before their assembled sisters in strictly military fashion. No Teutonic goose-steppers could have wheeled and halted, turned and right-about-faced with greater precision. But, in spite of their military bearing, their apparel belied their warlike character. Their uniforms were neither khaki, brown, nor gray. There was no gold braid or brass buttons. These parading dames and damsels wore trim, cotton smocks, with flowers of spring in them! On their shoulders the marchers carried neither rifles nor kit-bags, but quite unmilitary, lightweight sandwich boards.

The ladies themselves were the animated parts of the sandwiches; but, strange to say, it was the outside, unanimated slices which did all of the talking! As the sandwich ladies wheeled from the audience, their backs displayed in the prevailing alphabetical fashion, therefore, almost as many letters as the present codes and recovery agencies manage to muster. There was presented slowly, as each sandwich lady took her turn in rotating, the letters:

T-H-E W-O-M-E-N'-S B-I-B-L-E
C-L-A-S-S

Then, beginning at the left, and ending at the right, each lady wheeled in perfectly-timed and machine-like exactness, and said some very impressive and interesting things with the forward side of her sandwich board. And, because we think that the things that those ladies so silently said would give pause to those interested in the things for which those sandwich-board sisters and their ever-busy class members stand, we are herewith presenting them for your perusal:

Parties

October—Tea.
November—Thanksgiving Party.
December—Pageant—Guests: women of mission churches.
March—Shamrock Party.
May—Annual Meeting.

Culture Groups

Art Enjoyment—Metropolitan Museum, ten mornings.
Music Appreciation—Five Meetings.
International Discussion Group—Twelve Meetings.

Sunday Program

Bible Study—7 hours.
Religion and Psychology—4 hours.
Religious Problems Personal—6 hours.
International Questions—8 hours.
Biographical Sketches—4 hours.
Special—5 hours.

Membership

125 Active Members.
72 Associate Members.
77 Average Attendance.
6 Always Present.

Choral Club Has Sung

30 Anthems.
5 Entire Programs at:
Bowery Y. M. C. A.
Adra House.
Home for Aged.
Sunday Teas.

GET ACQUAINTED TEAS SUNDAYS

29 Teas.
12 Organizations attending.
1960 Guests.

SUNDAY HOSTESS HOUR

15 Hostesses.
494 Guests.
288 Gain Over 1934.

THURSDAY MUSICALS AND TEAS

1100 Guests.
Nursery for Children.
16 Committee Members.

SERVICE

$2,500.00 for support of Y.W.C.A. Secretary in Japan.

SERVICE

Heartsease Home.
252 new garments.
$49.00.

COMMUNITY SERVICE IN MONEY

Big Brother Movement.
City Mission Milk Fund.
Bowery Y. M. C. A. Tea.
Actors' Lounge.
Union Neighborhood Center.
Boys' Camp.
Boys' Club.
Christmas gift bags for all women in Shelter.

USED CLOTHES ROOM

3289 articles distributed through 9 organizations in the city and in Mather School, Mothers' Club, West Virginia.

5236 Greeting Smiles at elevator.
15 New members have had calls, teas, and messages of welcome.

2618 Greeted.
Ushered.
Collected from.

THURSDAY SEWING GROUP

have made

2904 articles which were distributed in Labrador, New York City, and West Virginia.

Seldom have sandwich boards displayed in New York City said such salient and worthwhile things.

THE LATCHSTRING

(Continued from page 180)

tional Emblem as coming to you from a country small in size, the greatness of which is not expressed in worldly terms but in the extent of the sacrifices it has made for the protection of the teachings of Christ and of Christian civilization. It comes to you as a token of good will from a Nation which has bled, bled almost to extinction, but by remaining unflinchingly faithful to the Cross, it saved it not only for itself, but for the rest of Christendom.

"Accept this flag of Hungary in the spirit of the donors and may it be, when placed in this magnificent house, erected to the glory of God, a pledge of unalterable friendship between this great and mighty country of yours and distant Hungary, stricken and crucified in body, but unbroken in the faith of its forebears."

▽

PRAYER

(Continued from page 173)

We present to Thee our deep and secret needs so interior and intimate that no one voice can speak them for us all. We pray to Thee concerning them, that the hidden needs of our spirits may be met as though a great sun rose upon this company, coming through every open window and every waiting door.

We ask it in the spirit of Christ. Amen.

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A NEW NOTE AT WILLIAMSTOWN

The announcement of the Williamstown Institute of Human Relations, to be held on the campus of Williams College, August 22-30 by the National Conference of Jews and Christians, is interesting not merely because it is the first attempt of its kind to bring together Protestants, Catholics, and Jews for unhurried consideration of the contacts and clashes and occasions of conflict of these three major cultural groups, but because of the contrast which it presents with the spirit that dominates more than one land across the seas at the present hour.

Inevitably there must be competitions between social groups but these need not be destructive or lead to hostility. They may be constructive and creative. A civilization may be enriched by the differences that it includes and nothing can be more fruitful than a concerted study on the part of representatives of the three major cultural groups in America of the conditions essential to a wholesome community life wherein such differences are not merely tolerated but respected. At the Williamstown Institute distinguished representatives of the three groups will lead in the thorough and systematic discussion of some of their common interests and concerns as citizens of the one country. They will plan community and educational programs to promote better inter-group relations. The Institute is set up, we are told, as an occasion for study and exchange of experience rather than for debate or for securing commitments to definite programs or recommendations. Its chief purpose is to arrive at solutions of difficulties in community relations.

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OF

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"NO MAN NEED STAY THE WAY HE IS"

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